TWO LETTERS TO DEAR LOU.

MES. CAMPBELL-CACACE BATS INSPEC-TOR TRAITTEUR WROTE THEM. Is Later Letters There Were No Endear-

ing Phrases, But the Contrary - Mr., Trainteur Away, and His Version Untold, Mrs. Campbell-Cacace made public yesterday a lot of letters purporting to have been written to her by Special Inspector Charler H. Traitsur of the Custom House. She intended thereby to substantiate the accusation she made on Thursday that the inspector, who, with Inspector Sengers, seized a lot of pie tures which she had imported as household goods, seized the pictures because she would not permit him to make love to her.

The first letter, dated "Custom House, July 1"." begins "Dear Mrs. Campbell." It tells of an accident Traitteur had met with. It is in no wise a love letter.

Letter No. 2 is addressed to "Dear Lou." It is dated Aug. 4. Mrs. Campbell-Cacace says it was written after a visit to her house in Saratoga by Traitteur. One paragraph is as follows:

I hope I need not to emphasize how very happy a part of that letter maue me.

Mrs. Campbell-Cacace says he refers merely to ancther invitation to visit Saratoga. Another part of the letter refers to an enclosed money order and asks that the thanks of the tramp whom you saved from being left by the wayside" be accepted. Mrs. Cacace says Mr. Traitteur was short of money and she let him have \$30. The money order

was for the amount.

There is another letter addressed to "Dear Lon' which otherwise contains nothing of a loving nature, and then one addressed to Mrs. A. L. Campbell, 154 Regent street, Saratoga Springs. It is as follows:

The day before yesterday your brutal note might have required an explanation, but what I saw at the club notise on Monday night and what I saw afterward is quite sufficient, and it requires nothing more either nere or in New York. Although usually very unsue one, when my eyes are once opened it is not so easy beatwark me. I know beforeband what the explanation you refer to would have been. You would have seen it bectors jesious yourness on me. If you are the first explanation you would have to as follows, to wit:

stoliows to with w man. I sacrifice anything and the answering and the sacrifice anything and the sacrifice anything and the sacrifice anything and the sacrifice anything and the sacrifice and the relegate him to the rear like the stand that have preceded him. I will keep you on that for the present in the rear to pick you up when it autis my purposes. You have not money to to make it worth my while, to forego this prespected in the sacrifice. described. Why did you will de for an distribute. Why did you ask me to come to Saratoga in the first base? Simply to play with me until you had chaged my affections. Well, my dear malain, et me tell you that it is a dangerous game to play, for not all material is alike, it is scarcely worth while to say anything more upon this subject, except that it amused me yesterday moraing what you said about Mis. A. Why, she is a reascelled woman, comparatively. She keeps only one man sh band at a time. I am serry for the bottor, but he will probably have some satisfaction, for the men you are doing all this scheming for just now will treating as you deserve to be treated tong ere this. Your decise will work out their own salvation. It is really meets will work out their own salvation.

The copy of this letter, which was furnished to the reporters, is not signed. Mrs. Campbell-Cacace says that the incident at the club referred to in the first of the letter was a dinner given to her husband. Dr. Cacace, and herself ya "gentleman friend," whose name she will not disclose. Traitteur, she says, was realous of this friend. She will not asy who the "Mrs. A." referred to is. The letter, Mrs. tampbell-Cacace says, came in response to a letter written by her to Traitteur in which she told him not to call again, and said she would make an explanation later.

told him not to call again, and said she would make an explanation later.

A fifth letter, dated Sept. 12, 1802, begins "Madam," and denies that Traitteur had spoken slightingly of Mrs. Cambbell-Cacace to a Mr. Farker of whom Mrs. Cacace had bought a horse. This, Mrs. Cacace says, was in reply to a letter she wrote demanding an explanation of remarks made to Parker.

The sixth and last letter certainly does not bear any indication that there has been a love affair. It is dated bept. 13, and is as follows:

Mrs. Antie Louise Campbell, 184 Resont green, St. Tanagon, N. F. affair. It is dated Sept. 13. and is as follows:

Mr. Amel Lowice Campbell, 154 Regons dree, Sorrange, N. Y.

Manan: Respectfully referring to pour later of the 16th inst. I have to state that the office of the 16th inst. I have to state that the office of the 16th inst. I have to state that the office of the 16th inst. I have to state that the office of the 16th inst. I have to the 16th instead of the 16th instance of the 16

care of your interests in this matter. Very respectivily.

Special Inspector U. S. Treasury.

Mr. Traitteur went to Danbury. Conn., yesterday afternoon, it was said, to get the deposition of a man there who is alleged to know that Mrs. Campbell-Cacaee did not aforn her house in Naples with the Dictures as she says, and, further, that she only had two rooms there and that it would not have been possible for her to display the Daintings in them.

It was therefore not possible to find out what Mr. Traitteur has to say about the letters or whether they are genuine or not.

There is a possibility now that the Custom House officials may take some steps in the case further than the seizure of the Dictures. Lawgiver Phelps of the Custom House would not make any statement regarding the case yesterday further than to say that Lawyer Frank J. Dupignac of the Equitable building had called on him as Mrs. Campbell-Cacace's counsel. Mr. Dupignac made a statement concerning the case, most of which was printed in The Sun yesterday. Mrs. Campbell-Cacace's counsel, who, she said. She said further that to fithe 24 pictures which are spoken of as missing from the list of 10% consigned to her were in the possession of Mr. Parker of Mamaroneck, who, she said, was a friend of Mr. Traitteur. She gave the pictures in exchange for a horse, which turned out to be worthless.

Officials at the Custom House deny that fit was on a tip from Traitteur that the investigation which led to the seizure was made. They say that the information was furnished by detertives who were set to watch Mrs. Campbell-Cacace by her divorced husband to get evidence that would enable him to avoid paying her \$4,000 a year allmony any longer. her \$4,000 a year allmony any longer.

HAIRPINS AND LACE ON THE FLOOR. Testimony in Mrs. Gallavan's Suit for

The suit of Matilda Gallavan, the contralto in the choir of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, on the Heights, against Edgar R. Gallavan for absolute divorce was tried yesterday before Judge Osborne in the City Court. Brooklyn. The defendant failed to put in an appearance. Mrs. Gallavan testified that her marriage took place in 1888, and that there was one child, a laughter. Sadio A. Hill, a sister of the plaintiff, testified that the defendant rarely spent his evenings at home, and that 4 o'clock in the morning was his usual time to come home. For several months he has not come home at all. Since she left her husband Mrs. Gaillavan has supported berself and daughter by teaching must not singing.

has supported berself and daughter by teaching music and singing.

Isaac F. Farrington of Irvington, N. J., testified that while he worked for the defendant in his painting and desorating establishment at 1.285. Broadway women came frequently to see Mr. Gallayan, two of them being Mrs. Devo and Mrs. Earker. The witness had often found shoe buttons, hairpins, and pieces of lace on the floor of the office afterthese women had left. He sometimes found the door of the office locked, and was fold by the boy not to go into the place, as Mr. Gallayan and some women were there. He know that Mr. Gallayan corresponded with women under the name of Edgar R. Gardner. Alfred Eishop and gave Gamaging testimony. Decision was reserved.

HE PUT HIS MONEY IN A TRUNK. Re Also I at Faith in Mrs. Hamati, who Eloped with Her Boarder.

Abdala Hamati, a swarthy Syrian, his handsome wife Auralia, and their two sons, came to New York several years ago and opened a loarding house at 71 Washington street. Among their boarders was Oblau Booharap stalwart, rosy-cheeked, and only 21 years old. just half the age of Mrs. Hamati. Booharap was very attentive to his landlady. The Syrian colony began talking about the conduct of the pair. Friends spoke to Hamati but he did not

Friends spoke to Hamati but he did not learn them.

Its Hamati suggested recently that her stand should withdraw his money from the na had keep it in a trunk. Mr. Hamati went ay eight days ago. About 4 octoek the Mr. Saturday) morning Helen Nateri, a sertil, who was building the fires, heard an unsal roles in the upper part of the house, as went up stairs and found Booharab and a flamati in Abdala's room breaking open struck in which he kept his money. They okeheen down stairs and continued their oke, when Helen went up stairs again Mrs. small and her young lover had gone. Neights had seen them descend from a window is ladler and hurry off with bundles under dirains.

Mr. Hamati returned home that day ars. Hamati suggested recently that her husiand should withdraw his money from the bank and keep it in a trunt. Mr. Hamati went sway eight days ago. About 4 o'clock the get haturday morning Helen Nateri, a sertant, who was building the fires, heard an unsual moiso in the upper part of the house, he went up stairs and found Booharap and Mrs. Hamati in Abdala's room breating open the truck in which he keet his money. They drove helen down stairs and continued their work. When Helen went up stairs again Mrs. Hamati and her young lover had gone. Neighters had seen them descend from a window on a ladier and hurry off with bundles under their arms.

Mr. Hamati returned home that day, and all that the elopers had taken \$700 with hem. They sailed for therhourg on one of the family had the thing steamyles. Hamati appeared at the line steamships. Hamati appeared a bill to Mr. Florence vesterday and procured a warrant first wife and Booharan. They will be arressed when they land at therbourg.

The Feansylvanta Limited in wiscond property and presented a bill to Mr. Florence vesterday and offered to compromise matters for \$20 mill be arressed when they land at therbourg.

The Feansylvanta Limited in wiscond property and presented a bill to Mr. Florence vesterday and offered to compromise matters for \$20 million they land at therbourg.

The Feansylvanta Limited in which will be arressed when they land at the search flow with the stage to be a stailed. She rays that she will bring charges of disorderly conduct, assault, and arso to fine trunks and personal effects until her claim is settled. She rays that she will bring charges of disorderly conduct, assault, and arso to fine trunks and personal effects until her claim is settled. She rays that she will bring charges of disorderly conduct, assault, and arso to fine trunks and personal effects until her claim is settle

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE, In a Remarkable Guide Book of New York

THE RESERVE

Appealing to the patronage of visitors to New York city during the Columbian celebration, a pamphlet has just appeared entitled "Official Directory of the Hotels and Boarding Houses in New York and Brooklyn." It is a paper-covered volume of about 64 pages, and claims to have been "published and compiled under the auspices of the Committee on Transportation and Accommodation." On the cover are also printed the words, "Supervised by the Superintendent of Police." This "official directory" is a base slander on all these personages referred to. A careful perusal of its contents disposes of the claim of careful supervision of any kind save in the direction of preparing incorrect and misleading statements. The programme of events to take place during Columbian week tells of a banquet at the Metropolitan Opera House to be given on Thursday, Oct. 13. No one in official circles had ever heard of this before, and it is presumed that the banquet will be given by the editors of the wonderful book.

But apart from these inaccurncies the description of the city itself is superb, being couched in English of an idiom rarely seen in any American printed work. A few clippings from the pages of the pamphlet will be of in-terest:

terest:

St. Paul's Chapel corner of Vessy street, is alse to be found very entertaining, it being the oldest church building in the city. It also has attached a graveyard with its many individual attractions.

A block or so above, on the right, is the New York Post Office, building, a must impearing structure, and it would be found very interesting if one could spend the time to see the handling of the tons of mail matter cared for dually, and the system employed to facilitate speedy deliveries.

In speaking of an up-town theatre the "directory" says it is
A place where, whatever the class of entertainment, it can always be relied upon as being the best.

The Casino is mentioned as
The very celebrated spot where entertainments of both
inside and summer-garden nature are so much enjoyed.
Further on the reader is told that

and that Work was begun on this grand delight in 1857, and is pursued as persistently to-day as ever. On another page there is a sentence that would do honor to the editorial pen of Col. Elliott F. Shepard:

liott F. Shepard:

Railroads, both e'evated and surface, will be found sasily, to and from all points of New York city, from the battery to High Bridge, on either side of the city, and here let your curiouity came you to look up the new Washington Bridge, and when in this section of the city take a horse-car ride from 125th street to Claremont, where Grant's tomb is located, a site commanding one of the magnificent views of New York and part of the Hudson Kiver.

The author of the "Directory" modestly admits at the end of the book that This small book is by no means intended to appear as a complete guide to the scenes of New York, but if adhered to in its entirety will afford sufficient entertainment to keep one busy for a week when you digne what will necessarily be encountered when searching for the within Careful inquiries have failed to elicit any information as to who compiled this valuable guide to the city.

£20,000 FROM THOMAS HODGKINS.

An Fecentric Long Islander's Gift to the British Royal Institute,

News comes from London that "Thomas Hodgkins of New York has given £20,000 to the Royal Institute for scientific researches." About a year ago Mr. Hodgkins gave \$200,000 to the Smithsonian Institution. Half this was given without conditions. The other half was to be devoted to the distributing of information upon the subject of atmosphericair in its relations to the physical and intellectual wel-THE SUN published an article on Nov. 1 of

last year setting forth details of the singular life of this believer in fresh air. Mr. Hodg-kins has lived at Setsuket, L. I., for about thirty years, in a farmhouse of dilapidated exterior and of plain, even scanty, furnishing. He has led the life of a hermit, and of late years has even refused to see his business late years has even refused to see his business manager, preferring to communicate with him by nots. He has devoted himself to the reading of scientific books and magazines, with which several rooms of his house are filled. He sits all day in a certain room, the window of which is open summer and winter. No matter how cold the day or how inclement, he sits there, wrapped in sufficient clothing to protect his heaith. His hobby is fresh air, and on railway journeys, which he does not often take, he has a tube with an arrangement so that he can put it outside the car window, the other end enclosing his mouth and nostrils. He thus breathes nothing but outside air wherever he may be.

air wherever he may be.

Mr. Hodgkins is about 90 years old, and must have accumulated a vast store of learning. This passion of his is the more remarkable when his early career is considered. He came of an humble English family, and until came of an humble English family, and until
he was 29 years old was a poor confectioner in
an English city. He and his wife came to this
country and set up a candy manufactory in
Greenwich street. At the breaking out of the
civil war he found himself rich, a widower,
and alone in the world except for several
nieces, of whom he has taken the greatest and aione in the world except for several nieces, of whom he has taken the greatest care. He sold his business and withdrew to his hermitage. Of late years the wife of the man who works his farm has been almost the only means of communication between him and his fellow men. Mr. Hodgkins is courteous to all who by accident get admission to him, and the poor of his neighborhood tell of many eccentric and unexpected acts of benevolence he has done. For instance, his large surplus of farm products in grain, garden stuff, and live stock, is never sold, but is always given to those who need and are deserving.

BOMB THROWING IN HOMESTEAD. An Attempt to Wreck a Non-Union Board ing House in the Night.

HOMESTEAD, Oct. 7.-An attempt was made

about 2 o'clock this morning to blow up the Mansion House, a hotel on Amity street kept by Mrs. Marron, and in which some thirty-five on-union men have been recently boarding. The bomb was thrown through a broken window in one of the two front dining rooms. It struck the floor about four feet from the door and passed through to the cellar. The shock was terrifle and was felt for squares The room was wrecked. In the bedrooms or the second floor the beds were lifted six inches from the floor. The house was filled with dust. The men leaped from their beds and rushed down stairs. One or two were hurt in the stampede. The street soon became choked with the crowd. The front of the room had been blown out.

Mrs. Marron, the landlady, in talking about the matter, said: "Last night after I had retired a man with his hat pulled over his eyes and concealed in a huge great coat came to the house, accompanied by a 14-year-old boy, and asked for a room. My girl asked if he had a note from the mill, and he replied with an oath that he hadn't. I sent down word that I was crowded, and he left cursing. About 1:30 o'clock my girl was awakened by two men cursing across the street. They were apparently sugry. One kept pointing at the house and swearing at the other. My girl fell asleep until awakened by the explosion. As she recovered from the shock she happened to look out, and through the moonlight she saw one of the two men looking at the house. He turned almost instantly and walked quickly away. Those are the only clues we have, but I was sure it was a striker who tried to murder us." the second floor the beds were lifted six inches from the floor. The house was filled with dust.

The deputy sheriffs are working on the cass. A few labor leaders say the dynamite was thrown by non-union men to bring discredit upon the strikers.

THE LANDLADY THREATENS.

She Will Bring Three Separate Charge if Florence Bossa't Fettle that Bill.

Theatrical Manager Neil Florence came to own last week as manager for A. Y. Pearson' Police Patrol" company, now playing at the Grand Opera House. He and the principals of the company lodged at the boarding house 243 West Twenty-second street.

Florence occupied a second floor room with his wife, who plays in "The Police Patrol."

WHAT, DON'T KNOW BERLINER WHOM NOT TO KNOW ARGUES YOUR-

BELF UNKNOWN? Berliner's Just Berliner; Friend of the Great. Affable to the Low'y a Chum of Br. Bepew and Bootsy-He is Caught at Lunch in a Conversational Mood.

As a rule the world is slow to recognize merit. In the turbid days of France, when the wind from every quarter brought the sounds of cannon and clashing arms, there arose in Paris the whisper of a name, and the name was "Lieut, Napoleon Bonaparte," And many well-bred people asked one another. "Who is

During the restlessness of the American republic, when a gigantic national issue was growing, with the happiness of millions of souls in the balance, there arose, among the many names of the time, one Abraham Lin-coln. And in the dawn of his fame many people wondered. "Who is this Abraham Lin-Has it not been so in all time? When the

citizens of St. Louis were plunged in the deep-

est doubt as to the future of their city's schools did there not arise Abe Slupsky? And it is in the memory of men that there came to THE SUN one day a letter containing the words: "Who the devil is Abe Slupsky? In the sky of New York politics there has appeared a new star, an original and forcible political genius, a modest and retiring gentleman, yet a powerful strategist, not the least of whose admirable qualities are his graceful personal charms. "Sol Berliner." the reader hastens to say. Sol Berliner it is. And yet incredible as it may seem, THE SUN received the query. "Who is Sol Berliner, any way?" Sol Berliner is a young man of independent income, an able politician, high in the confi-



"MR. BEBLINER WAS FOUND AT LUNCH." litterateur, a poet, a bon vivant, a sport, a

high roller, a good poker player, and a friend o' Gibbs. He was at lunch in the Astor House (room 1)

the other day when the reporter asked him:
"Anything new in politics, Mr. Berliner?" Sol's mouth was full, but he hastened to an swer: "N-no (gulp). Met Depew yesterday (gulp, gulp), but hadn't time to t-talk to im long.

I'll tell you how it was. G-g-oh!" Here Mr. Berliner tried to get a piece of cheese out of his windpipe. He coughed and

Here Mr. Berliner tried to get a piece of cheese out of his windpipe. He coughed and gasped, and then sank into a chair exhausted. After a painful silence:

"Guess that's one on my lung," he went on.

"Whit till I tell you about Chauncey. Met him on the street, and says he. Sol, I want to run into this store for a minute. Wait for me, old man.' 'All right, Chauncey, says I, but at the same time I decided to play a joke on him. I owed him one, you know, from Minneapolis. Ever hear how he buncoed me and I latt out of a case of wine? I'll tell you that some other time. Well, sir. I waited till he got in, and then I dodged into a doorway across the street. I just wanted to see him stand there and wait for me. I waited about haif an hour, and then I got tired and walked off. I guess he was detained inside. But, by jee, I wish I could have stayed to see him come out. For all I know he's waiting there yet."

"By the way, Mr. Berliner, you promised to tell me, something about your theatrical career."

"Oh, did I? Well, it didn't pay and I don't like to think of it now, but if I promised you—that settles it. I always believe in a man keeping his word, no matter what it costs. I was telling my friend McAllister—he's a blamed nice fellow, let me tell you—well, sir. I was telling m one day what my idea of a gentleman is. "Ward, said I, a gentleman's a man who keeps his word, even if it costs him his last cent.' See?

"Well, now, about my theatrical career. My father was a tobacco merchant, and he used to



"BAYS I TO BOOTH, 'BOOTSY,' BAYS L."

"SAYS I TO BOOTH, 'BOOTSY,' SAYS L."

think I was fitted for the stage. One day I met my friend Bootsy-ine, ha! I always used to call Booth 'Bootsy,' you know. Did he ever tell you about it? You don't know Eddie Booth? Well, sir, Eddie's the nicest fellow you ever met. 'Bootsy,' said I. 'I'm thinking of going on the stage. What do you think about it?' Eddie thought for a long time, and I called for another bottle, and then he said: 'Sol,' said he,' if I were you, I'd begin by being a manager. It costs like the devil, but it's great fun.' I want to McCullough-poor fellow! H's gone now-and I said to him: 'Jack, I'm going into the theatrical business. Eddie Booth thinks. I'd make a good manager. What's your cpinion?' Well, Jack thought for a long time, and then he said. 'Sol, said he,' if you could only speak French you might join Sarah Bernhard's company.' I told him I spoke French a little, but he guessed it wasn't enough for Sarah. She's a great girl. I tell you.

"Well, sir, I decided to try the managing business. I got ap 'The Noble Son' company, and we had a gay old time of it. There were lots of pretty girls in the company-say, you need to be winking."

Sol smiled complacently, stroked his moustache, and went on.

"'ioney soot quee mauly pants,' you know.' I suppose you don't understand that. It's French, you know. Means 'Evil to him who thinks evil.' See? Well, sir, we had a great time on the road, but it didn't pay, and I got tired of blowing in my dust. I said to Bootsy one day, 'Eddie, how long ought a manager run a show without profit?' Eddie laughed and said, 'Sol, you'd make a great comedian. I'd go in for comedy, if were you.' I thought about that for a long time. It's great fun. comedy is, but I found out that politics is much funnier.

"Say, talk about blowing in dust! I've blown in most of my fortune on the Republican party and I haven't got anything in return yet. But just you wait.

"Have to leave you new, old man. Got to got oriding school. Didn't know I was riding now? I've got to ride in the

And Bol was off.

These Train Bobbers Are Protty Well, Thank You.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 7 .- The Examiner to-day contains an interview with the train robbers Evans and Sontag. One of its reporters found the outlaws at a point north of King's River, in the outlaws at a point north of King's River, in Fresno county, and they gave him a full description of their adventures since the fight on Aug. 7 at Jim foung's cable, when Officers Wilson and McGuinness were killed. The men are in an almost inaccessible place in the high bierras, are in good health, and have a winter's supply of provisions.

shrewsbury Post Office Robbed. RED BANK, Oct. 7. - A. Holmes Borden, Postmaster at Shrewsbury, runs a grocery store in connection with the Post Office. Last nigh a burglar got in the northeast window of the place and bored a hole in Mr. Borden's safe and got away with \$500 in cash and stamps.

> Ode to milmeets.
>
> [Andrews. "by Cable."]
>
> Half Andrews. New Columbus, bail.
> Here of nineteenth century hope.
> Thy heart ano as no such word as fail,
> Thy tougue no other word than scop. Exult my son the verage means for war, nor rain, nor imbrogho— Thou need at not all to the marines. The sovereign virtues of Supolto

Ode to Himself.

It means here in Huciva aye,
Through all the annient land of Spa n—
spacific scours the Eastern say,
sepsile scours the Western main i—ddr.

LEFT TO A VOTE OF THE PRIVATES. Why the Confederates Did Not Storm the Union Works at Petersburg.

The private soldiers had so few privileges

during the war that it does me good to men-

From the Allman Comst

tion for the first time in print an incident of the siege of Petersburg. There are a plenty yet living of the old soldiers who can tell you that the question of "storming" or "not storming" the Yankee works at Petersburg by night was left to a vote of the privates.

I forget dates, it has been so long, but it was just a short while before the Confederates left their trenchee and started on the nine days retreat which ended at Appomation.

It had been well known for some time that Lee could not hold out against Grant much longer unless, by taking some desperate chance, advantage might be gained to the Confederates. A council of officers was held and, while of course I do not know what happened in that meeting, I do know that it became understood among the privates of the army that there had been a disagreement among the officers, and, failing to agree, they compromised by leaving the question of storming the Yankee works at night to the decision of the privates—a thing so unusual that it cast a shadow over their hopes.

On the day before the vote was to be taken at night the bushea rubbish, and brush were ordered cleared or levelled in the ravine between the two armies. It was a perious undertaking, but the Confederates gathered their axes, and without flinching marched to their work, Strunge to say, the lankees quietly watched this proceeding without fling a gun, it being a work they wished performed were fixing to storm their work and went back to their camps without any trouble, but fully confident that it was a preparation to charge, all ignorant of what turn matters were to take.

When night approached and the officers quietly bid the men to fall in, you may wonder at the surprise of all privates when they were told that all commissioned officers would restremented by storm upon that very night.

A little incident happened just as the commissioned officers retired, and none of us can say to what extent it bore upon the action of the privates. The mail had arrived—letters from home to the brave soldier boys, an unexpected thing just at that time, for it was so early to get the mails then. The arrival of these letters from home to he have soldier boys, an unexpected thing just at the y

Flow many little things it takes to make a pretty room or house. Here and there a touch, a mere nothing, yat a something that helps to give a home-like air to the place we occupy. Fresty chairs, lamps, a cup and saucer, a clock ticking out the hours, and and glad; a cheerful irre glasming in the stove while the wind hows. Little things but mighty. You want to go to Judwig Baumanu & Company to see homes. Eighth av, between 36th and 36th sts. 506 to 514, the Ludwig Baumann & Ca's block.

"Beam: 'I'm! Snow" again. Fow people know who was the author of this poem, and fewer than ough know of the virtues of Adamson's Botanic Cough Salsam. Trial bottles 10 cts. KINSHAN'S, 25th st. and 4th av.

And the blood thrilled through every soldier heart. The counting went on, and Yes."
Yes."
Yes."

For three times the fatal "yes" came, with not a single "no." But a "no" came at last, and then a long column of "noes," with only here and there a "yes," was the result. The fight was off. The Yankee breastworks would not be stormed that night, and they never were, but many of these same brave hearts ceased to beat before the end at Appomattox.

What Susan Saw.

What Susan Saw.

From the Chicago Datis Inter-Ocean.

A chambermaid at the Palmer House yesterday thought she saw snakes, bugs, turties, scorpione, lizards, and all uncanny things that creep and crawl and bite and sting and otherwise make life miserable tothe "iag" "afflicted mortal. And, although she has never been known to drink anything stronger than coffee, she did really see these things.

In the fleeting moment that elapsed between the time she saw the vile crawling things and the screams that she let go, string and all, she thought she saw the doors of Keeley's open to receive her, and conscious of her own abstemiousness and anti-bibulousness, she believed the curse had come to her from the third or fourth generation gone.

The door had closed behind her, and she was well into the centre of the room, near the bed, when a snake glided across the floor and disappeared under it. Then a lizard and a big bestle barred her passage to the door. Next a big turtle, on its back, opened its jaws, as she thought, viciously, and nawed the air in a vain effort to get upon its feet.

What was she doing all this time?

Why, she was standing in the middle of the floor, every muscle paralyzed save the vocal ones. A locomotive tooting for a cow to get off the track was behind the distance pole when Susan let loose a yell. Then there was a fall, a squirm, a gurgle, and all was still, while the bugs entangled themselves in Susan's hair and the snakes kissed her cheeks with their forked tongues.

Now was the appointed time for the rescuer

and the snakes kissed her cheeks with their forked tongues. Now was the appointed time for the rescuer to come, and he came. He picked up the reptiles and the bugs and the rats, and, unwinding them, threw them like dead things upon the bed. The cause of all this trouble was Mr. Dick Trumbull, a traveller for a New York toy house. He had had a customer in his room, and for his benefit had set the machinery inside the varmints going, and it had not run down when he escorted his visitor down stairs. Then Susan came in.

Swearing by Proxy.

Back in the forties "Old Man Mo—," as he was called, probably because he was the father of thirteen children, though yet under 40, lived in St. Lawrence county. New Yerk. Old Man Mc— had as complete command of language profane as any man in that section. His profanity was round and strong and lurids though it came so easy from his lips as not to grate harshly on the eare of his hearer.

Near by Old Man Mo— lived Deacon Brown, a plous old soul much given to lecturing his neighbor on the sin of profanity.

One day the deacon borrowed from Old Man Mc— a particularly stubborn and unruly mare, with which he proposed ploughing some corp.

mare, with which he proposed ploughing some corn.

Along during the foreneon Old Man Mc—walked over to his neighbor's field to see how he was getting along. The deacon was at the other side of the field, and the old man sat down in a fence corner to wait for him. Pretty soon the deacon drove up and sought to turn the gorner. The mare wouldn't turn.

"Got around there.— your old soul to ______," bawled the deacon. Just then he aspied Old Man Mc— in the fence corner. "As Old Man Mc— would say," he added, as his usual holy smile spread over his features.

She Knew What to Ask. From the Washington Post.

A West Washington Post.

A West Washington young lady, who has been married but a few weeks had her first experience at "going to market" the other day. After she had succeeded in making several laughable blunders, as young wives are apt to, she approached a poultry dealer and arked the price of chickens. Being told by the dealer, who also handed her a fine pair of live birds to examine, she quieted their fluttering as best she could, and then, applying her nose to them and giving them an audible smell, said in the most innocent manner:

"Are you sure they are fresh, sir?"

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Arrived-FRIDAY, Oct. 7.

| For later arrivals see First Page.

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DIED. ABNET.-On Friday, Oct. 7, at his late residence, 876% East Sth st., Thomas Augustine, son of John

ROSE Y .- On Oct. 7. in Far Rocksway, N. Y., at

the residence of William A. Torrey, Mary R. Crosby daughter of the late Judah Crosby.

and Paul's Church, Wythe av., near South 2d st., at

MOWELL,-On Friday, Oct 7, George R. Howell, in

Puneral services at his late residence, 52 East 55th st. on Monday, Oct. 10, at 11:30 o'clock.

COORE.-At Jersey City, on Oct. 6, 1892, William

Moore, in his 66th year. Belatives and friends of the family are invited to at-

tend his funeral on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 8, at 1:30 o'clock, from his late residence, 525 Jersey av.,

TEVENSON.-After a short illness, on Thursday.

Oct. 6, David Stevenson.
Funeral services will be held at Brick Church, 37th
st. and 5th av., on Saturday, Oct. 8, at 4 P. M.
Relatives and friends invited. Interment private at

convenience of the family. Please omit flowers

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Mutnai Bank, held at its banking house, 481 8th av., this 6th day of October, 1892, the following pream-

has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved associate and President, David Stevenson, and,

whereas, in his death we recognize that the com-munity has lost a valued and useful member, that we have been deprived of a faithful friend and com-

panion, and a wise counsellor and adviser, and that

his family has lost a kind, devoted, and beloved

husband and father;
Therefore, be it resolved, that we extend to his fa.oily

in this bour of their affliction our heartfelt sympa-thy for their bereavement; and further be it re-solved that we attend his funeral services in a body,

and that a copy of these resolutions be spread upor our minutes. WALTER WESTERVELT, Cashier.

TURNER, -On the 6th inst, the Rev. Jeremiah P.

Turner, O. P., at St. Vincent Ferrer's Convent, 65th st. and Lexington av., aged 58 years.
Funeral on Saturday, Oct. 8, at St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Interment in Cal

vary Cometery. The reverend clowgy are invited to

w RA Y.—Suddenly, on Oct. 5, 1892, at Newtown, Long Island, Mrs. Mary A. Wray, in the 87th year of her age.

Funeral services at St. James's Protestant Episcopal Church, Newtown, Saturday, at 9 A. M. Interment

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ble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

HEALY .- On Thursday, Oct. 6, at her late residence 96 South 2d at., Brooklyn, Julia Hughes, widow of Raymond Healy, in her 59th year. Requiem mass on Monday, 10th inst., at Sta Peter

Phillips' Digestible Cocca, Delicious, easily digested, and highly neurishing.

and Johanna Carney, aged 20 years.

10 o'clock. Interment in Calvary.

her soul. Albany papers please copy.

the 43d year of his age.

Jersey City.

Notice of tuneral hereafter.

Funeral private.

Yeendam Rotterdam Trave Bremen Havana Havana

Teendam....

...Oct.

Se Werkendam, Bakker, Rotterdam,
Se Hritannic, Smith, Liverpool,
Se Hritannic, Smith, Liverpool,
Se Mark Lane, Harding, Havan,
Se Nacces, Risk, Galveston
Se El Monte, Quick, New Orleans,
Se El Monte, Quick, New Orleans,
Se Klohmond, Jenney, Nerfolk,
Se Richmond, Jenney, Nerfolk,
Ship Fouthern Cross, Beily, Sestem,
Bark Elcho, McBr. de, Foint a Pitte,
Bark Elcho, McBr. de, Foint a Pitte,
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Sa Niagara, from New York at Havana. Sa Yumuri, from New York, at Vera Cruz

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Amsterdam, Rotterdam 5.500 A. M.
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Nevada, Liverpool
Orizaba, Havana 11.00 A. M.
Prins Willem II., Hayti 11.00 A. M.
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